

## The Experiment

by Nussy

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## The Experiment

TITLE: The Experiment (1/1)

AUTHORS: Nussy & Cirglas

CATEGORY: V R H

RATING: PG

DISCLAIMER: Don't worry, be happy...Ouch, Cirglas! Stop  
>that! I know, I know. Disclaimer... Okay, here goes: Our<br>favorite  
characters don't belong to us. They belong to 10-13  
>Productions and Chris Carter and, I guess, the rest of the<br>staff  
and especially David and Gillian. Cirglas and I are  
>probably the last ones on the list who they could belong to.<br>And  
we'll give them back, promise. We're just borrowing them  
>from time to time to write some stories when we are bored.<br>Like  
when they only have episode reruns on the TV. UGH! I  
>WANT SOME NEW EPS!!<p>

SPOILERS: Pilot, Memento Mori, Redux trilogy

KEYWORDS: Mulder/Scully Romance

SUMMARY: This has absolutely nothing to do with the  
>Consortium or any other government conspiracy. Actually,  
it's<br>more like ... an experiment with human relationships...

>smile...<p>

POST: Wherever (But tell us where you're gonna post it. We'd  
>like to know where it is

posted.)<p>-----  
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THE EXPERIMENT (1/1)

>By Nussy & Cirglas<p>

The office was messy. Like always. Mulder had always found it

>fascinating how everyone else needed so much room for<br>everything.  
/Look at this small office and notice how much  
>fits into it. OK, Scully wasn't too happy about the state of  
>the office, but hey, they were stuck down here in the  
tiny<br>basement office, so why argue? Nobody else came down here

>anyway. Mulder shifted to make his position - sitting on  
the<br>chair, his feet on the desk - more comfortable.

Scully wasn't there yet so he had some time to think. When  
>she was there he had to at least pretend that he was working.<br>She  
was always trying to make him get his part of their paper  
>work done - something he deeply despised - so that Skinner<br>for  
once wouldn't be aggravated at him. She tried to keep him  
>out of trouble. But they both knew, he would get into  
trouble<br>somehow anyway. Still, she did her best. Ever the good

>partner. The problem with Scully, though, was that Mulder<br>didn't  
know where he stood with her personally. He knew  
>there was mutual attraction between them, but would that  
be<br>enough? Enough to ... make their relationship something more

>than mere partnership?<p>

Since yesterday he had been preoccupied with that question.  
>They had worked on a long and emotional case together. Scully<br>had  
been in danger again. And he had been forced to think  
>about losing her - again. Not a very pleasant thought, mind<br>you.  
And yesterday they had spent the rest of the day  
>finishing up the paperwork. Well, uh, she had done  
paperwork,<br>while he had spent the time trying to pull his gaze  
away from  
>her. To be exact, the big purpleblack bruise on her left  
>cheek, which that maniac Matthews had left as a souvenir.  
His<br>thoughts while looking at her had been simple:

/Too close to losing her...way to close...too often too

>close...TOO DAMN CLOSE! Repeating the words like a mantra in  
>his head had left him frustrated. And he had needed to get<br>his  
thoughts off of Scully for a while. And that had resulted  
>in him going to a bar and meeting a nice, pretty, busty,  
long-<br>legged woman with chocolate-colored hair, called  
Elaine.

The problem was, she didn't distract him from his Scully-

>thoughts. Oh, no. As a matter of fact, he had ended up<br>comparing  
Elaine to Scully all the time. And to sum it up,  
>Elaine didn't have a chance. He guessed his era of brown-<br>haired,  
long-legged, brown-eyed, busty "Phoebes" was at an  
>end. Much more he started to find brave, strong-willed,

red-<br>headed, blue-eyed, petite FBI-agents to be incredibly sexy.

>But, he was still planning on asking Elaine out for dinner<br>this evening again - against better judgment.

He raised his head as he heard Scully's familiar footfall  
>just outside the office. The door opened and, sure enough,<br>there she was, smiling a bright smile and offering a friendly  
>"Good morning, Mulder".<p>

He returned the smile and replied:

>"Morning, Scully." How can one man be so happy to see a

>particular woman?

As she sat down her hair shifted and he saw the dark mark on  
>her cheek again. The all-too-familiar rage and guilt  
surged<br>through him and ruined his good mood. But he was relieved  
to  
>see that the bruise was fading.<p>

Scully looked over to him and saw his stricken  
expression.

"Mulder...I'm fine," knowing that he didn't like to hear  
>those words nor believed them anymore, she added,  
"really."<p>

Embarrassed at being caught staring and showing his emotions  
>so openly, Mulder looked down at his desk again. How could he<br>let anything like that happen to his Scully? But Scully's  
>soft voice kept him from brooding over the subject any  
more.<p>

"So, Mulder, have a nice evening out?" He looked up at her  
>again in surprise.<br>"How did you know I was out?"

She smiled a smile, one he only knew as her 'dangerous'

>smile.<br>"'Cause I tried to call you yesterday. But only got your  
>machine."<p>

He nodded his head. /She tried to get in touch with me?/ Had  
>she had a nightmare? Had she been in pain? At first  
these<br>thoughts worried him, but then he realized that Scully,

>should the need occur, would leave a message on his machine<br>if something had happened. So his worry transformed into

>delight.<p>

"Any special reason?" he tried to appear uninterested, except  
>for his special Scully-leering face.<p>

"No, actually not. Just wanted to check whether you had taken  
>the pictures of the crime scene home with you or if you had<br>left them here. Because I couldn't find them here."

He didn't quite manage to hide his disappointment. /She

>called me because of work?!

/Well, stupid, why else should she have called? To declare  
>her undying love? Come on, stop daydreaming.

But dutifully he opened the second drawer of his desk and  
>rummaged around only briefly before pulling out a pile  
of<br>pictures and holding them up to her with a satisfied grin.

>"Haven't you ever heard of something called  
'Mulder-filing?'"<p>

Scully got up from her chair and moved across the office to  
>stand next to Mulder. She smiled down at him sweetly and<br>said:

>"I've heard of it, but I've never really managed to work with<br>it.  
Thanks."

Their hands touched as he handed her the photos and lingered  
>a little longer than necessary. Could it be that she feels

>something for me, too? Mulder's curiosity got the better of  
>him. Spontaneously he decided to test Scully! How would she<br>react  
to the news about him going out with somebody else?  
>Would she be jealous? Or would she simply not care? He hoped<br>for  
the former, but was frightened of the latter. He couldn't  
>deny it anymore, he was dying to know if she was jealous. So<br>he  
decided to make an experiment.

Scully was seated back at her desk, working on some report.  
>"Well, Scully, to answer your earlier question: My evening<br>out  
was nice." Mulder tried to seem indifferent, but eyed  
>Scully out of the corner of his eye. To his dismay she  
didn't<br>react at all. He might have thought she hadn't heard him at

>all, hadn't it been for the - for him a little too bored<br>sounding  
- "Unh hunh?". /Now for the second shot/

"I met this really nice woman. Her name is Elaine."

Still no reaction.

"We had a lot of fun yesterday and I'll ask her out for  
>dinner again tonight. I think we'll go somewhere fancy."<p>

Now she did react. She looked up at him with an indiscernible

>expression on her face. Got ya./ He really hoped it was  
>jealousy. And she did look a little confused. She looks just  
>like she does when she's desperately trying to make sense of<br>one  
of my theories./

Finally - totally unexpected - a small  
>smile formed on Scully's lips and she said:<p>

"You know what? I went to this absolutely gorgeous Italian  
>place last week with my mom. Maybe you should take your<br>Elaine  
there. It's around the corner from that Chinese take-  
>out place... what's it's name again?... oh yes, right,  
'Son<br>Do'... It's really only a few feet away from that."

Startled into speechlessness, Mulder could only stare at her.  
>She wasn't the least bit jealous? Had he been wrong assuming  
that she was interested in him? Or did he only need to fan  
>the flames a little moreOkay, Scully, you asked for it./  
>"Ah, I don't know, Scully, she's a pretty sophisticated  
person. She's good-looking, well-educated, dresses  
>expensively and all that stuff."<p>

"Don't worry, the restaurant is quite high class. Oh, Mulder,  
>you forgot to tell me what she looks like!" A strange smile  
crept over her face.

Finally things looked like they might be going the way he  
>wanted them to. Now we can make her jealous, buddy./ "Well,  
>then I'll just do that now."<p>

"Ooohhh, I'll finally find out what your 'type' is", she  
>joked.<p>

He simply ignored her comment - at least out loud. /You're my  
>type, Scully. "Elaine is quite tall - almost all leg -, has  
>chocolate-brown hair, brown eyes and I'd say a 34C bra."<p>

The shock-effect had been successful, as revealed by the  
>expression on Scully's face. Finally. At least she's  
>reacting. "Her bra? Do you do that with every woman, Mulder?  
>Find out or at least guess the bra size on the first date?"<p>

And Mulder was glad to detect a tad of crimson creeping up  
>her cheeks. He nodded and flashed a bright grin at her.<br>"Well,  
... Mr. Know-It-All, what do you think is my size?"

/Aha. Couldn't have gone any better, old boy./ "Well, I  
>didn't need to guess yours, since you practically showed it  
to me on our very first case."

They shared a long look and Mulder almost thought that she  
>would ask him to take her out for dinner instead, but that  
wasn't the case. She simply turned back to her report. Maybe  
>he wasn't as irresistible as he had always thought. Nah.../

Well, anyhow, Scully sent him home early - yeah, you got it  
>right - sent him home early so he could dress up and  
still  
>wouldn't be late for his date. He had no chance other than  
to  
>do what she suggested. Should he show that he wasn't at all  
eager to go out with Elaine? That he much more preferred to  
>go out with the red-head in front of him? He didn't dare. So  
he left.

-----

The next morning Mulder was sitting back in the office again.

>Scully wasn't there yet, so, just like the day before, he

had<br>some time to think about last night. He had met up with

>Elaine and she had offered him some things... things that a<br>few years ago would have had him racing her to her bedroom.

>But what had surprised even himself was that he had refused<br>the offer. Although he knew he wasn't a saint, the fact that

>he had rejected the quite delightful Elaine had almost<br>convinced him otherwise.

As soon as he had told Elaine that he was in love with

>someone else, she had stopped making passes at him<br>immediately.

But then she had asked all about this big love.

>And he had told her. The psychologist in him told him that he<br>had needed to talk to someone about Scully and himself for a

>long time. But the truth was, he simply enjoyed thinking and<br>talking about Scully.

Mulder grinned. /Ah, Scully, I've sorted out my feelings, now

>it's time to make you aware of yours... if you feel that way<br>about me... please do.../

Scully picked that moment to enter their small, crammed

>office. And instead of a 'good morning' she simply asked:<br>"So, how was it?"

Mulder of course couldn't tell her what he had confided to

>Elaine since he didn't quite know how she felt about him yet.<br>He thought she might be in love with him, too, but that she

>might not have figured it out yet. And so he decided to make<br>her jealous. So he started dropping hints as to how great the

>evening had been. But once again his efforts weren't<br>recognized. She didn't give him any clue as to what she

>thought about the whole situation.<p>

Her reaction had only been a mysterious smile, and that had

>been all. He felt the feeling of Deja-vu spreading through<br>him.

/Didn't we have this game yesterday?/ And when he ran

>out of made-up happenings from yesterday she sat down at her<br>desk and started typing away on her computer.

He was running out of possibilities AND ideas. How was he

>supposed to make her jealous when she didn't even react? He<br>had only one last chance. He needed to see her reaction to

>some real interaction between Elaine and himself. So he went<br>ahead, picked up his phone and called the time

information.

"Oh, hi. Elaine? It's me. Mulder."

(At the next beep it will be nine o'clock, ten minutes and 20

>seconds)<p>

"Oh, yeah, I missed you, too."

(9:10:40)

"Hey, hey, I'm not alone in my office ... Yeah, we could do

>that later tonight."<p>

(9:11:00)

Mulder saw Scully get up from her desk, walking over to the  
>file cabinet and rummaging through it with her back to him.<br>He  
was delighted to notice that the knuckles on the hand that  
>was holding onto the cabinet were white from the tight grip<br>she  
had on the metal.

>Oh, now we're getting somewhere./ He congratulated himself  
>to his great idea.<p>

"Well, I'm only calling you to thank you for the hot night

>yesterday. I enjoyed it." Suddenly Scully's throat made a<br>strange  
sound that sounded like something between choking and  
>coughing and she doubled over. Mulder, terribly concerned,<br>jumped  
um from his seat and threw down the phone. When he was  
>at her side - less than a second later - he brought her to<br>his  
chest and while patting her back tried to calm her.

Scully held onto him tightly, forcefully clutching his shirt.  
>That made Mulder worry even more. And that sound again...was<br>it  
crying? He hoped to God this ... seizure ... wasn't some  
>kind of after-effect of the stress she had been in with the<br>last  
case. Or - /God, please no!/ - her cancer returning.

But as his head spun with all the fears he had, she shook her  
>head and her laughter filled the room.<p>

/What the ...?/ And between the laughing fits she burst out:  
>"Stop it. I can't take any more!"<p>

Mulder, totally in shock almost dropped her out of surprise.  
>But then it suddenly dawned on him that something was going<br>on.  
Something he'd better find out about soon.

As Scully's laughter finally subsided she smiled at him with  
>tears in her eyes. "Oh, Mulder. Thanks for all that effort.<br>I'm  
delighted. But you don't need to work so hard."

Mulder frowned down at her. "Scully? What are you talking

>about?"<p>

"Elaine told me that nothing happened."

"H- how do you know Elaine?"

"Um...well...she's a...friend of mine."

Abruptly Mulder let go of her and started to turn away from  
>her. Mulder's ego was bruised, but he tried to cover it with<br>a  
usual joke.

"Ah, the 'women's-Network' at work."

Scully, still standing where she had been before, looked at  
>his back with widened eyes while he stalked over to his desk.<br>/I  
knew he'd be mad as soon as I told him that I had talked  
>to Elaine, but this... He plopped down and started typing

>furiously away on his keyboard.<p>

"Mulder?" No answer.

"Muuuuulder, please?" Still no answer.

Scully closed the drawer of the cabinet and quietly went over  
>to stand behind him. She encircled his neck with her arms  
and<br>rested her head on his shoulder. She knew that if she wanted  
>to talk to him, she first had to apologize.<p>

"I'm sorry, Mulder. I didn't want to hurt your feelings. I  
>just talked to Elaine last night and found out that she was<br>the  
Elaine you were talking about. And when she told me that  
>nothing had happened between the two of you I was..." She<br>paused  
to stress her next words. "...let's say...I was  
>relieved."<p>

Mulder hadn't moved since she had touched him except his back  
>had jerked straight when her breath had grazed his ear. What<br>was  
she trying to do? Tease him? Make fun of him? - Scully  
>nuzzled his ear and kissed his cheek. - Kill himWait a  
>second... had she said 'relieved'? Unable to keep himself  
>from doing so, Mulder turned around with his chair and  
while<br>pulling her down onto his lap kissed her  
passionately.

/Finally./ They both thought. Things were rapidly developing  
>and they felt things getting out of hand. If this doesn't  
>stop soon, I might just take her right here on my desk.  
>In the middle of it the phone rang. Not letting himself  
be<br>disturbed Mulder blindly fumbled for the phone while she paid  
>extra attention to his earlobe again.<p>

"Yeah?" Mulder croaked into the phone. Scully was nibbling on  
>the skin just under his ear.<p>

"Skinner here. I just read through your expense report. And I

>wondered: WHAT THE HELL DID YOU THINK WHEN YOU FILLED IT<br>OUT?!  
GET UP HERE!! RIGHT NOW!!"

Scully was pressing her lips to his Adam's Apple which made  
>him more than squirm in his seat. Unable to trust his voice<br>with  
anything else other than a groan, he put the phone back  
>down without a word and looked at the innocently  
smiling<br>Scully.

"Sorry to interrupt what you're doing but Skinner ordered us  
>up to his office 'right now'."<p>

"Too bad, we were having so much fun." Scully bobbed her  
>eyebrows at him. She stood and straightened her skirt looking<br>at  
him with disappointment in her eyes. /Don't look at me  
>like that Scully. I might ignore orders, even though I<br>promised  
you not to do that anymore./



Since there was no mirror in their office they had to check  
>each other's appearance. They looked at each other.<br>"Scully...  
Okay?"  
>She crossed the space between them and wiped a smudge of<br>lipstick  
from his cheek and straightened his tie. /She's  
>standing WAY too close.

Thankfully she took a step back. "And how about me? Do I look  
>okay?"<p>

Mulder's gaze wandered from the tips of her shoes to the top  
>of her head lingering on... certain areas.<p>

"Okay? You look much too beautiful for my sanity."

Scully rolled her eyes and grabbed his wrist, pulling him out  
>of their office. Mulder trotted willingly after her. The<br>faster  
they got it over with the faster they could go do  
>something else, right?<p>-----

Once more Skinner was chewing them out. But this time they  
>weren't really listening. They had a far-away look in their<br>eyes  
or, when Skinner wasn't watching them, they exchanged  
>longing looks.<p>

/I want to get out of here and be with Scully./  
>"What do you think, Agent Mulder?"<br>Since he hadn't been listening  
Mulder couldn't even guess  
>what he had been asked. Talking about being distracted./

>Distracted? Not me. Not by the thought of those soft, hot  
>lips pressing against mine... Get your mind out of the<br>gutter./

>"You're perfectly right, Sir."<p>

Skinner was dumbfounded. Had Mulder agreed with him?  
>Something was going on. Mulder NEVER agreed.<br>"Are you feeling all  
right, Agent Mulder? Is something  
>wrong?" He glanced at Scully, "And, Agent Scully, you look  
a<br>little bit flushed, too. Maybe you two should take a few days

>off, you're overdue on vacation anyway."<br>"Yes, Sir." Mulder's and  
Scully's voice at the same time.  
>This was definitely... spooky. Both agreeing?<br>"Maybe you should  
take leave immediately. The last case seems  
>to have been quite tiring." Skinner was obviously concerned<br>about  
his favorite, but undeniably most exhausting, agents  
>now. You have absolutely NO idea..., Mulder thought.

Scully and Mulder walked through the halls as always: His  
>hand on the small of her back, even-paced steps, their  
faces<br>stern, looking as if they knew where they were going. They

>got into his car since hers was still being repaired. The<br>only  
unusual thing about their departure was that Mulder  
>seemed to try to break all the speed limits combined.<p>

When they arrived at her apartment they slammed the door  
>behind them and found themselves in each other's arms.<br>"Where

were we?" Scully asked with a smile, leaning up closer  
>to touch her lips to his. And they continued where they had<br>been  
interrupted so rudely.

-----

Two days later:

RRRRRRRING

"Scully."

"Dana! Hi, it's me, Elaine. Darling, I've got to tell you:  
>I've tried to reach you for two days now and didn't even get<br>your  
answering machine! I thought you always turn it on when  
>you leave the house?"<p>

"Well, to tell you the truth, Elaine, I didn't leave the  
>house."<p>

Pause.

"Are you saying it worked?"

"Yeah, it worked."

"Oh, Dana-darling, I'm so happy for you two! You know, when  
>you first told me about your little experiment - finding out<br>if  
he would take me up on my offers... - , I didn't think it  
>would work. But, once again, you were right. Too bad, I  
would<br>have liked to have kept him for myself. But he told me he  
>loved you. And he's a good catch, believe me."<p>

"Yep, he is."

Mulder's voice: 'Hey, Scully, who's on the phone?'

"Oh, Dana, so you were home all the time!"

"I told yooouuuooooohhhhh."

"Dana? Everything okay?"

"Uh? Did you say something?"

"Is Mulder distracting you?"

"Uh, yeah, you could say that."

"Well, then I better not bother any longer. Bye,  
Darling."

"Bye."

-----  
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The End

Note:

>This is a story that has been lurking on my and Cirglas'  
hard<br>disks for a while now. We decided to finally finish it and

>post it. So, in case you're totally disappointed, please<br>remember  
that this is one of our first stories.

This is supposed to be a light piece to enjoy but not to  
>become philosophical on.<p>

Take care,  
>Nessy & amp;

Cirglas<p>-----  
-----

Babe, come in from the cold  
>and put that coat to rest<br>Step inside, take a deep breath  
>and do what you do best<p>

Yeah, kick off them shoes  
>and leave those city streets<br>I do believe  
>Love came our way<br>And fate did arrange  
>for us to meet<p>

I love when you do  
>That hocus-pocus to me<br>The way that you touch  
>You've got the power to heal<br>You give me that look  
>It's almost unreal<br>It's almost unreal

Hey, we can't stop the rain  
>Let's find a place by the fire<br>Sometimes I feel  
>Strange as it seems<br>You've been in my dreams  
>All my life<p>

I love when you do  
>That hocus-pocus...<p>

---- Roxette (Almost Unreal)

End  
file.